



Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

JANUARY 1971





COMEDY cartoons gave way to more serious and vital drawings during World War II, but Donald Duck remained the favorite pinup character for members of the 5326th Signal Mobile Animation Unit in CBI. Here Donald says "Hello, CBI" in behalf of the artists who formerly drew him and other popular animated cartoon subjects in Hollywood. Drawing received from John O. Aalberg.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 26, No. 1

January, 1971

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer

Editor

SECOND CLASS postage paid at Laurens, Iowa.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE

\$4.00 per Year Foreign \$5.00 per Year
\$7.50 Two Years \$9.00 Two Years

Please Report Change of Address Immediately!

Direct All Correspondence to

Ex-CBI Roundup

Telephone (712) 845-4541

P. O. Box 125 Laurens, Iowa 50554

Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **Cover picture** shows T/4 Emanuel Heschander of New York City looking at an American plane camouflaged by the Japanese to fool U.S. Air Intelligence officers. They had painted red balls over the American insignia. This area, near Kweilin, China, had been reoccupied by Chinese troops of the 169th and the 11th Reserve Division, 29th Chinese Army, when U.S. Army photo was taken in July 1945.

● **A computer** using Chinese characters has made its debut on the computers market in Japan. It has a keyboard of 3,840 common Chinese characters plus 1,520 optional characters. According to a spokesman of the Fujitsu Company in Tokyo, it took the company 10 years to develop the machine with a research fund of 200 million yen (about US \$55,000). If any of you Old China Hands are interested, you can buy one of these computers for about \$350,000! Anyone ready to buy?

● **News reports** from New Delhi tell us the government is investigating the possibility of distilling cashew liquor which the experts say would be comparable to cognac for export. If it's anything like the horrible walnut whiskey we once had in China, we'll stick with Scotch!

● **India's chief census commissioner** says conducting the census was cheap. He said it cost only four cents per person compared to one dollar per person in the United States. Cheaper by the dozen, no doubt!

JANUARY, 1971



XX Bomber Command

● It is with a great deal of pleasure that I receive each copy of Ex-CBI Roundup. I joined your ranks of subscribers as have many others, by accidentally running into a former member of the CBI. I originally went to India in early 1944 with the then XX Bomber Command. We were near Kharagpur, southeast of Calcutta. I remained there for 18 months before moving on to Okinawa and a year of occupation. I was discharged as a LTC in 1965. Have been working with Dept. of Army as a civilian now for about four years. Just recently my division chief, Col. Marvin A. Walker, reported in and he too had spent several years in CBI.

WM. D. DeSILVA, JR.,
Fairfax, Va.



COUNTRY girl strides along road near Hengyang, China. Photo by Milt Klein.

October Issue

● Ver-r-r-y eye-catching, the blue hue used for the cover of the latest Roundup edition. I have almost all the back issues of Roundup, but this is one of my favorites so far. Several pictures from "my area" of India appear—is there a better reason? About that swimming pool at Mohanbari—it surely wasn't there before I left in April 1944. How sweet it would have been to have had water without it being monsoon time.

HOWARD CLAGER,
National Commander,
CBI Veterans Assn.,
Dayton, Ohio

C. A. Lippincott

● Charles A. Lippincott, 59, of Los Altos, Calif., a pioneer airline pilot who logged about 30,000 hours and flew more than five million miles, died Sept. 29, 1970. A pilot for American Airlines since 1937, he was a civilian pilot with the Air Transport Command during World War II. He spent a year flying the Hump, later flew in the Berlin airlift, and for three years as military-chartered transport in the Korean conflict. For the last four years, Flight Captain Lippincott flew Boeing 707's for American on the Vietnam run. His wife and two children survive.

(From a San Francisco Examiner clipping submitted by Ray Kirkpatrick, San Francisco, Calif.)

Northwest Reunion

● The Washington State Dhobi Wallah Basha of Seattle is planning a Northwest Reunion of five states (Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming) June 24 through 27, 1971, possibly at the Sherwood Inn. Response from CBIers in those states has been sufficient to encourage our going ahead with plans. All CBIers, wives, families and guests are invited. Write Lee Bakker, Jr. Vice Commander—North-

west, 621 - 12th Avenue East, Seattle, Wash. 98102. Details are being worked out, and each response will be acknowledged with further details.

LEE BAKKER,
Seattle, Wash.

Lawrence Cohen

● Lawrence Cohen, 49, of Freeport, N.Y., a partner in the law firm of Wiener & Cohen, died November 2, 1970, of cancer at Metropolitan Hospital, Manhattan. A graduate of the University of Wisconsin and University of Cincinnati Law School, he served during World War II in the CBI theater. He had practiced law in Freeport for 18 years. His wife and two sons survive.

(From a Newsday clipping submitted by Walter Pytlowany, Hicksville, L.I., N.Y.)

Ben Bowers

● Had the opportunity to spend some time in New York City with Edna Bowers, Dorothy N. Kelly, Katie Krajick and Mimi Vrabel. We all served together with the 72nd Field Hospital in Tezpur, Assam. We were sorry to learn that Edna's husband, Ben Bowers, who also served in CBI, passed away recently.

BERTHA URENSON,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Assam Memories

● The recent devastating cyclonic winds, rains and floods in East Pakistan bring back memories of Assam with earthquakes, cyclonic winds ripping through the tea plantations, etc. I was a member of the 59th Air Service Squadron, 51st Air Service Group.

CARL A. MOOSBERG,
Marianna, Ark.



IMPERIAL LOGE of the Great Theater in the Palace of Peaceful Old Age, Peiping, China. One of the paintings by Brig. Gen. Frank Dorn from his book, "The Forbidden City," published by Charles Scribner's Sons. General Dorn was a member of the staff of Lt. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell in CBI.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



POULTRY market in Kweilin, China, with fowls displayed in wicker baskets. Photo by Col. W. J. Peterkin.

770th Bomb Squadron

● Was first sergeant of 770th Bomb Squadron, 462nd Bomb Group, and spent time in Piardoba, India, and Kiunglai, China. I was appointed county treasurer of Rush County, Henderson, Texas, in May of 1969 and was reelected with no opposition in May of this year for another four-year term effective Jan. 1, 1971. I enjoy reading Roundup and would like to hear from any of my buddies from the old outfit.

VIRGIL O. COLE,
1810 West Main,
Henderson, Texas

Same Basha

● Enjoyed your article about Gen. Anna Mae Hayes. We lived in the same basha at 20th General Hospital for quite a while. Glad to see one of our nurses made B.G.

ELSIE M. SOURS,
Major, USAF (Ret.),
Phoenix, Arizona

California Session

● A grand "bull session" and roundup of old CBI hands living in the San Joaquin Valley and points south is tentatively set for Saturday, March 20, and Sunday, March 21, 1971, in Tulare, Calif. Further details on Saturday evening and Sunday events will be released later. The ladies

are invited. Anyone interested please contact one of the following members of General Sliney Basha so your name can be placed on a mailing list: Julius Greenberg, 226 Blackstone, Tulare, Calif. 93274, or Robert P. Rowe, 2855 Pira Drive, Merced, Calif. 95340.

RAY KIRKPATRICK,
San Francisco, Calif.

7th Bomb Group

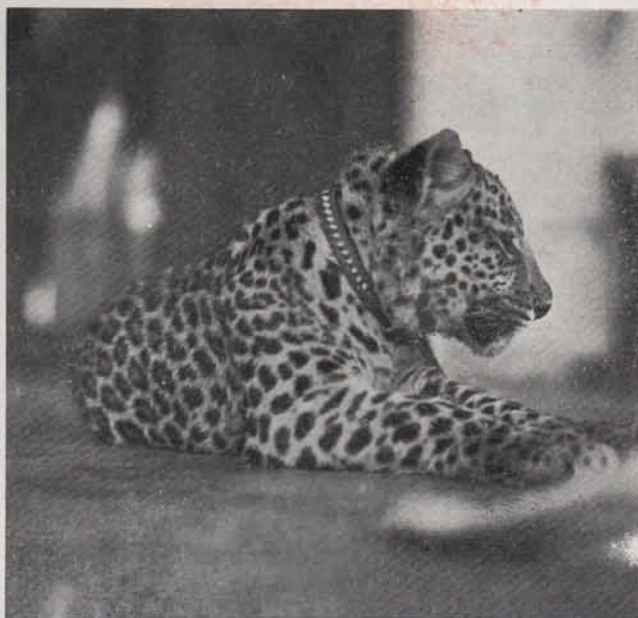
● Missed the CBI reunion in Tulsa, but was able to attend the 7th Bomb Group Association reunion at Cody, Wyo., the last week of June. Hosts were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fehyl of that city, and the tremendous turnout was remarkable. Mr. and Mrs. Rudy Karpstein, 23130 S.W. Francis St., Beaverton, Ore. 97005, are hosts for the planned reunion in that area in 1972.

R. E. YOUNG,
Woodinville, Wash.

14th Air Force

● The Flying Tigers of the 14th Air Force Association, composed of AVG, CATF, and the 14th Air Force, and other personnel assigned to the Chinese Theater during World War II, are invited to attend the New York reunion March 13, 1971, and the national convention July 27 to 30, 1971, in Washington, D.C. For information, write me at 9 Interstate St., Suffern, N.Y. 10901.

MILTON KLEIN,
Suffern, N.Y.



CAGED leopard at Zoological Gardens, Tollygunge, Calcutta, in March 1945. Photo by Howard B. Gorman.

CBI Veterans in Limelight

CBI was in the foreground in the 1970 Milwaukee observance of Veterans Day, which was one of eight nationally-designated observances by the Department of Defense.

China-Burma-India Veterans Association was the veterans organization saluted, a CBier was named as "Veteran of the Year," and the principal speaker at the banquet was a well-known CBI personality.

The speaker was Mrs. Anna Chennault, widow of Lt. Gen. Claire L. Chennault, wartime commander of the 14th Air Force in China.

"Veteran of the Year" was Joseph Greco of Milwaukee.

CBIVA National Commander Howard Clager and wife Louise were in the lead unit of the parade, and joined CBI Gen. W. Fritz Breidster on the reviewing stand for the two-hour parade. The CBI unit marching was comprised of national executive board members representing Connecticut, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, California, Missouri, Oklahoma, Texas, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Illinois.

The round of events started Friday night with an informal get-together and buffet for the CBIVA national board. A breakfast Saturday and luncheon at the Elks Club preceded the big parade. That evening more than 65 CBiers met for dinner at Victorio's.

A memorial service was held at 10 a.m. Sunday at the Eternal Flame and Reflecting Honor Roll Pool at the War Memorial Center.

Events on Wednesday included an Awards Breakfast at 9 a.m., at which National Americanism Awards were presented by the Freedoms Foundation, followed by a memorial service by Gold Star Mothers. The Rev. Edward R. Glavin of Amsterdam, N.Y., CBIVA national chaplain, was a principal in both events.

At 2 p.m. there was a press conference, with Mrs. Chennault the personality. At 5 p.m. Mrs. Chennault and Milwaukee's "Veteran of the Year" were honored by the Milwaukee Basha at a cocktail party and recep-

tion, held at the Villa Terrace and attended by 180 persons.

The banquet followed, with more than 500 attending. Gene Brauer opened the program with a welcome, explaining the CBIVA, and Les Dencker was master of ceremonies. Both men are past national commanders of the CBIVA. Mrs. Chennault spoke after presentation of the award to Greco.

It was an observance for all veterans, but this year CBI veterans were very much in the limelight.

"The miracle of the 20th century is the freedom in this country of ours," Mrs. Chennault said at the press conference. "I am proud to be an American, even though I am an immigrant."

She said that too many who criticize America "never had to share the suffering of other people and therefore cannot appreciate the privilege of being an American."

There is a difference between "protest and dissent, violence and non-violence," she said. "You don't have to be disagreeable to disagree."

Mrs. Chennault said the war in Vietnam is not a civil conflict but a test of how far the U.S. will allow Communism to expand in Asia.



SPEAKER at Milwaukee's recent Veterans Day observance was Mrs. Anna Chennault, widow of the famed Flying Tigers commanding general. She is shown with Gene Brauer, Veterans Day banquet chairman; Les Dencker, master of ceremonies for the banquet; and Mrs. Dorothy Geiger, Fond du Lac, Wis., wife of CBier Arthur Geiger.

BOOK REVIEWS



THE FORBIDDEN CITY. By Frank Dorn. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, N.Y. October 1970. \$12.50.

This is another book by a man CBI-ers knew as Brig. Gen. "Pinkie" Dorn, designer of the CBI emblem, a career Army officer who spent many years in China. He was an aide to General Stilwell and accompanied him on the famous "walkout" from Burma; later was senior American officer with the Chinese Army in the Salween campaign and was appointed honorary general in the Chinese Nationalist Army. This book tells the story of the imperial palace in Peking, one of the most splendid palaces ever built, based on knowledge of the subject gained in the 1930s while the author was a Chinese language student in Peking. Dorn describes the origins of the Forbidden City from the time of its conception and construction to the time of the fall of the Manchu Dynasty and the Dowager Empress Tzu H'si. The book is illustrated with many of the author's own paintings and maps.

THE ADVENTURESS. By Santha Rama Rau. Harper & Row, New York. June 1970. \$6.95.

The story of Kay, a mixture of East-West background, first encountered in Japan, trying to latch onto a likeable if naive American occupation civilian employee as a means of getting "home." She appears again in the Philippines and back in China, each time moving in on a man who can help her one step further toward the security she pursues so desperately.

SOFT STATE: A Newspaperman's Chronicle of India. By Bernard D. Nossiter. Harper & Row, New York, N.Y. October 1970. \$5.95.

The author, who reported from India for the Washington Post, tells what he experienced, felt, saw and thought while there. With no lack of compassion for the Indian people, he points out that theirs is a society to which the standard Western model of prog-

ress has little relevance. Is it possible, he asks, that foreign aid might not be retarding India's advance and "contributing to a weakening of the will to govern?" He depicts India as "a slack, elitist order, suffused with caste," and contrasts the plight of the starving millions with the life of the rich Indians in business or government.

AN EYE FOR THE DRAGON: Southeast Asia Observed 1954-1970. By Dennis Bloodworth. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Inc., New York. September 1970. \$8.95.

This book was written by a reporter for the London Observer, married to a Chinese woman, who has spent 16 years in the Far East. It consists of anecdotes and reflections on everything in Southeast Asia from "the anguish of Vietnam" to the fabled "delights of Bali." He reminisces on the fall of Singapore, writes of tourists in Korea and in the girlie-houses of Quemoy, twits Americans in Asia who pursue "trigger happiness" as an inalienable right, and ridicules smug fellow-Britishers.

THE ROOTS OF ANCIENT CHINA: The Archaeology of Early Indian Civilization. By Walter Fairervis, Jr. The Macmillan Co., New York. September 1970. \$9.95.

Although not for the average reader, but for serious readers of archaeology, this book tells a fascinating story. Some 250,000 years ago man existed in what is today India, crossing the mountain passes from the west and by 2300 B.C. developing the great Harappan civilization. This civilization spread to the Ganges, the Malwa plateau and the Decan and left its imprint before it finally and mysteriously "faded away." The author carries his study to Buddha's appearance in the 6th century B.C.

ULTIMATES IN THE FAR EAST: Travels in the Orient and India. By Hudson Strode. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc., New York, N.Y. October 1970. \$8.95.

With his wife, the author left for the Orient in the spring of 1967 and arrived back in the United States the following Christmas Eve. They visited Japan, Hong Kong, Cambodia, Thailand and India, spending much of the time with English-speaking people and in general meeting with the elite of each country visited. This is the story of their tour.

The Details ... Are Left to You

Months before anyone ever thought about a China-Burma-India Theater, Major John E. Ausland became interested in the fact that the Chinese government planned to build a railroad to take the place of the Burma Road. The Corps of Engineers of the U.S. Army had assigned Lt. Col Lewis E. Ross, Chief of the Rail Section in Washington, to find a qualified man to help the Chinese. Railroad presidents offered little help—then Col. Carl R. Gray, General Manager of the Military Railway Service, suggested Ausland.

On July 30, 1941, Brig. Gen. John A. Kingman, Assistant to the Chief of Engineers, issued orders calling Major Ausland for duty in China "(a) to insure proper use of railway materials and equipment

being supplied the Chinese Government by the United States for the Yunnan-Burma Railway; (b) to act in the capacity of consulting engineer to the railway authorities, and especially to assist them in expediting construction of the Yunnan-Burma Railway; (c) to assist the Chinese in their relations with the Burmese Government and railway authorities in order to expedite construction of the extension of the Burma Railways from Lashio to the Chinese border, and to insure prompt delivery of materials to China."

Orders specified that "the details of accomplishing your mission are left to you." This is the story of the author's arrival in Burma, and the start of that mission.

BY MAJOR JOHN E. AUSLAND

Christmas (1941) In Rangoon

General Wavell, commanding the British armies in the far east, and General Brett of the U.S. Air Force had been in Chungking meeting the Generalissimo. They left there late on Christmas eve in a CNAC plane (DC3) piloted by Hal Sweet. They stopped for gas at Lashio leaving there at 3 a.m. Christmas morning.

As they approached Rangoon in the darkness, Sweet began calling the Rangoon tower for dots and dashes, and while no reply came, he knew that the airfield was aware of the importance of his passengers, so he continued the flight, assuming that the signals would be forthcoming.

Without them he missed Rangoon, and found himself over the Indian Ocean, so he turned east, and when dawn came he recognized the town below: Bangkok, just full of enemy planes. The Japanese knew that no unarmed transport plane would dare to come near Bangkok, so none gave chase.

Sweet turned north, landed at Moulmein for gasoline, then reached Rangoon just as a hundred enemy planes were bombing the airfield and the city. When they got stopped, the generals and the crew jumped out and threw themselves into a ditch, where General Brett said angrily, "You people want us to send Flying Fortresses over

here, and you can't even run a telephone."

The British duty officer at Rangoon had gone to town, leaving orders for everybody else to keep their hands off the radio. He would get back in time to send the signals. But his car was wrecked en route, and nobody in the tower had enough nerve to disobey the verbal orders of a lieutenant in order to save the lives of two generals.

Christmas Day 1941 I was in Lashio, but that's the way the story came to me.

Peacetime Rangoon

Saturday, September 6, 1941

My arrival at Rangoon was not quite as wild as the arrival of the generals on Christmas Day. Instead of being met by bombs, I was met at the airport by C. Y. Tu, Chief Engineer of the Yunnan-Burma Railway; by Y. P. Wang, his assistant; by P. L. Yoong, the Chinese Consul General; by R. C. Chen of China Defense Supply, and Peter Wei Lin, a Director of the Bank of China.

In a limousine of some size they drove me to the Strand Hotel, with large pillars at the entrance, fronting on the bay, with big ships tied up at the docks just across the street.

Two years ago you couldn't have peeked into the lobby without wearing formal clothes, but the war has chang-

ed that. There's no war in Burma; not yet, anyway, but Britain is at war several thousand miles away, so the British in Burma have to act the part. The Burmese couldn't care less. To them, Rangoon is a place where American ships come with war supplies for China. Hindu laborers transfer the cargo from the ships to freight cars, all under British supervision; the railroad hauls it to Lashio, in north Burma, where the cargo is transferred to trucks for the Burma Road. My assignment is to help the Chinese build a railroad to take the place of the Burma Road.

The Strand, best in town, large rooms with hardwood floors, twin beds with a mosquito net over each, but no screens on the windows; it would stop the breeze. A large ceiling fan runs constantly. A chiffonier, large tub, wash basin, plenty of hot water and towels. Plenty good. But old style bed springs with straw mattresses, hard and uncomfortable. No room telephones, but you press a buzzer and a Hindu bell-boy comes at once. The halls are full of them.

The dining room serves from 8 to 10, from noon to 1:30, from 8 to 9:30.

You can push the buzzer and food will be brought to you at other times. The Hindu waiters wear turbans wrapped around their heads, long white coats with a wide red sash around the waist, long white trousers, and barefoot. The meals are good, but the coffee is terrible. They have no cream, but pour hot milk in it, which makes it look like mud, and tastes like the bottom of a birdcage. How do I know what the bottom of a birdcage tastes like? A little bird told me. I'm not sure that the British like tea. They just can't make coffee.

It is hot and muggy, with alternating drizzle and short, hard showers. You take a taxi or rickshaw to appointments, but when it's not raining you like to walk a little. But then a rickshaw puller will walk with you, in the street, of course, and yammers until you get in and let him pull you. I know of no better way to ruin the white race. Maybe that's the idea. But we do get some exercise. We drive out to a privately owned estate where no natives are allowed, and walk around the lake.

Being unable to get to the lake often enough I began to feel stuffed, so I



HEADQUARTERS buildings at Kunlong, on the Salween River in North Burma.

JANUARY, 1971

asked my waiter to bring me five prunes for breakfast every day. Instead, he brought the manager to my table. He asked me if I was sick. I said I wasn't. He said they had a few prunes, but had to save them for sick people. I said I would pay extra. Not unless I was sick. So K. Y. Yao bought me a box of prunes at the market, which I kept in my room. They were quite dried out, but I took five along to breakfast every day, called for warm milk to soften them up. Every morning the waiter brought the manager out to see that I had prunes, and both showed their chagrin.

Rangoon has streetcars and trackless trolleys, like we do, but in addition, they have horse-drawn hacks with piles of green grass on the roofs, which is no doubt the horse's lunch, and being vegetarian, probably the driver's too. And if that is your religion, don't you dare to kill a cow or other animal, even if you are starving. Just starve and let the animal live.

And speaking of killing—almost—. I watched a barber in a park shaving a baby's head with a regular straight razor. The mother held the kid, or tried to, while the barber shaved as the kid's head bobbed back and forth. I just couldn't stand to watch the whole performance, so I don't know the outcome. But the men who get shaved in the parks more than get their money's worth. First the face, then under one arm, then under the other.

Customers sit on the grass in the parks, remove their sandals while they have their corns and bunions removed and nails clipped. But the farthest out, or farthest in, was a blind man digging out another man's ears. He held the head with one hand while the other speared in one ear so far you expected to see the instrument come out the other ear.

Hairlips are plentiful, and men with two thumbs on one hand, as well as numerous other deformities. A few hairs which are never cut sprout from a mole, and so long hairs hang from them on an otherwise smooth-shaven face.

Betel-nut leaves, when chewed, become bright red, and they spit everywhere. Little boys with only a string tied around the waist, wear a small

brass plate like a fig-leaf and that's saving on laundry. Young, dark-skinned man wears ear-rings, a sarong, smokes a big cigar (as many of the women do), and holds a baby on one arm while with the other hand he holds an umbrella over both.

What a place!

Ads in the papers, and on billboards recommend "Mammytone" for developing an exotic bust. What is an exotic bust? An exotic lip is a bee-stung lip, so called. Would an exotic bust be a bee-stung bust? Horrible thought. The cows here are about as flat-busted as the women, so maybe "Mammytone" should be used on them.

But while cows don't give milk, the goats do, and to see to it that the right parties get the milk, the owner has a sack swung under the goat's udder, tied with a string over the back. Some of these sacks are black and some red, and never before have I seen bra's on nanny-goats.

The British built a great empire during their palmy days, but the last two years, in the areas where they are fighting, things have not gone well for them. But the English who contribute to "The Voice of the People" in the Rangoon paper make quite light of that, and insist that the British are a superior nation. And the Burmese who write in mention that they are the chosen people, when the principal reason Burma is so much in the news is that the Burma Road was built, not by them, but by the Chinese, and all in China.

The British lord it over the Burmese, but the Burmese lord it over the tribes in the Federated Shan States in north Burma. And I wonder where this thing starts, or finishes.

Ian Morrison has been in the far east for years. When a bank in London wanted to know about the Burma Road before it was finished, Ian went to the border, hired a guide and pack animal, and walked the length of it, reporting his findings to the bank. He is familiar with many things here, and will work for the Chinese on the railway construction, but as a sort of political engineer, which can be valuable. His father owns the London Times, and when he was younger in the Far East was known as "Chinese Morrison."

The Governor-General

Monday, September 8, 1941

Before leaving Washington I had noticed that the maps showed a branch line running from the Main Line at Mandalay to Myitkyina, which was about the same length as the proposed Yunnan-Burma Railway. In view of the shortage of shipping, it looked like good policy to buy this line, tear it up, and relay it in China, thus getting about ten trains a day over it rather than one a day as in Burma. Colonel Ross said if the British would sell it, that would be fine with the War Department.

When I came through Chungking I mentioned this to the British Ambassador there, Sir Archibald Kerr-Clarke-Kerr. He thought well of it, and gave a letter to Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, Burma's governor at Rangoon.

I asked Mr. Austin Brady, the American Consul in Rangoon, how to go about meeting the governor. He said he would arrange, but first I had to go to the entrance to the palace

grounds and leave three of my cards; one for His Excellency; one for his wife; one for the secretaries at the executive mansion.

When I asked what on earth the governor's wife had to do with building a railroad in China he replied, "Nothing. But that's the way they do things here." So his chauffeur drove me to the gate, guarded by Sikh soldiers, where I signed the register and left my three cards.

After lunch Mr. Brady telephoned me to say that the governor would see me that afternoon; that I was to ride there in his car because the soldiers at the gate knew the car, and always let it in without question.

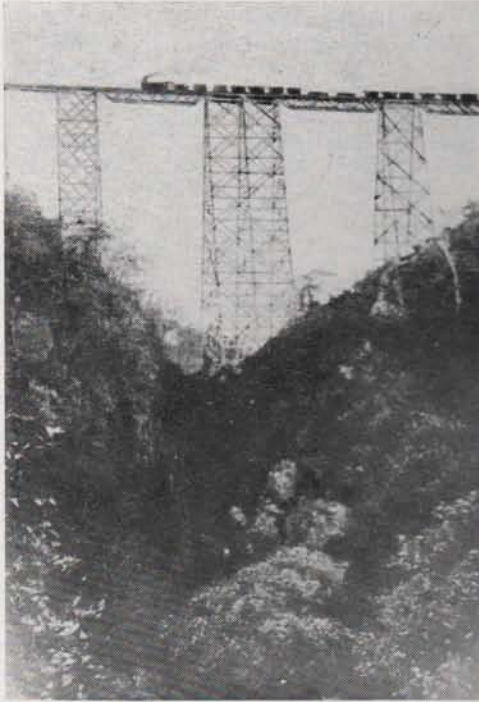
We drove in the gate and past barracks and up a long winding road with spacious green lawns on both sides. In the executive mansion I met four or five secretaries apologizing for being here while their people in England were having to take it, don't you know. But then they had little choice in the diplomatic service. If they only knew what was going to happen here! Then I was told, "His Excellency will see you," and was led upstairs.

It was about like meeting John Boles, all vim and vigor. White flannels, blue coat with gold buttons. Missed the First World War only by weeks, he said.

After he had read Sir Archibald's letter I said if he would sell us the branch line from Mandalay to Myitkyina we would remove the track and haul it to China. He could then use the abandoned subgrade for a truck-road until the war was over. By then they would know if they needed a railroad there, and if so, buy a new one. If not, Burma would have the money.

He replied that it was doubtful if his ministers would permit taking up any railroad line in Burma for any reason. I accepted this as final; all the track material for 335 miles of line would have to come from the U. S. Anyway, we got that problem settled in a few minutes.

The following year the governor was in London, and at a news conference he didn't mention any of the things in Burma that I would have considered important, and talked only about the branch line I wanted to buy to save shipping.



GOTEIK GORGE and bridge between Mandalay and Lashio.

Gasoline for China

Thursday, September 11, 1941

This noon I had lunch with R. R. Pearson of Standard Vacuum Oil Co., who runs all their facilities in the Far East. We talked about all the petroleum that was used out of Rangoon and up in China, all of which had to be hauled on the Burma Road. He told me that not all of it did. While the Japanese army has Hong Kong surrounded, there was more gasoline going through the Japanese lines there than ever went over the Burma Road. A coolie put a five gallon tin on each end of a stick and with that across one shoulder, walked through the enemy lines when he could, and when he was caught, the payment of a nominal fee would let him through. The Japanese army knew they couldn't stop this traffic, so got what they could out of it.

Several years later a Chinese nurse told me in Chungking that she was at Hong Kong when it was captured. As the food became short in town, their doctors at the hospital where she worked went to the Japanese army command and got permission to take themselves and their nurses into the interior of China, and even though the Japanese knew that they would be caring for Chinese soldiers in the future, they let them go without any payment whatever.

Pearson also told me of an auto trip north of Lashio, and night catching them away from town. They went up to a house, and having their own food along made their own supper, and asked if they could sleep in a shed. They could, so got some saw horses, put some bamboo poles on them, got out their air mattresses and lay down for the night, with their mosquito nets over them. But the door opened, and in came some hogs. The owner said this was their hog-house, and they would be stolen or wander away if left outside for the night, and so Pearson, his interpreter, and the hogs spent the night together.

Rangoon to Mandalay

Friday, September 12, 1941

Wednesday the vice-consul, Martin Hillenbrand, went with me to pick up



CHINESE laborers, grading truck road in north Burma.

a number of documents and permits that would permit me to move freely in Burma. Then I went to a luncheon in a private dining room at Strand. The Chinese Consul-General was honoring Dr. Tseng Yang-fu, who had arrived from China.

The American Volunteer Group, or Flying Tigers, are being trained by Chennault at Taungpo, north of here. They have yet to tangle with the enemy, but today the first of them was killed in an air accident and given a military funeral.

The British don't call their train "Northbound" or "Southbound". They call them "Up Trains" and "Down Trains." Ten of us wanted to go to Lashio, and so Dr. Tseng arranged with the Burma Railways to put a first class car on the "Up Train" for us. Our first class fare was four cents a mile, which included meals in the railway restaurants where we stopped to eat. The second class fare was two cents, and the third class was 6/10ths of a cent a mile. The party included Dr. Tseng, Mr. Tu, Mr. K. Y. Yao, Ian Morrison and I.

The car had five compartments. At the end of each compartment was a lavatory, where there was a wash basin, a toilet and cold running water. No toilet paper. You carry your own. No blankets, sheets or pillows. You brought your own. No soap or towels

or drinking water. Anyone in Burma who could afford to ride first class was expected to have a servant along, and so the railroad furnishes the train, a chair, two bunks in each compartment, and the rest is up to you, or your servant.

Our 18-car train left Rangoon on time (4 p.m.) With meter gauge (39-3/8 inches) rock ballast, clean right of way and smooth track we rolled along up to 25 miles an hour. In the borrow pits along the track natives and the water buffalo were taking a bath, in the same water and at the same time.

When we stopped for dinner at the railroad restaurant at Pyuntaza there were hundreds of kids on the station platform. As we had no way of locking our compartments we each hired one of the kids to stand guard, paying him when we got back. Standard practice here.

At 9 p.m. I turned in, after a fashion, but with starting and stopping, switching, and the noise at every station where people were trying to sell things, it wasn't very restful. Our windows were open, but the shutters kept the people out, and let in some air. A small ceiling fan ran all night; but it was really hot.

"Can't you hear their paddles chunking from Rangoon to Mandalay?" No you can't. Not when the road and railroad, which are close together, are about 50 miles from the Irrawaddy River. But at Mandalay, a large city, they get quite close. But there is a lot of steamer traffic on the river, from Rangoon to Bhamo, which is about 200 miles north of Mandalay.

The Federated Shan States

Saturday, September 13, 1941

The railroad station at Mandalay was quite clean, and as no kids were allowed to hang around the platform, we had breakfast without having to hire a guard. At Sedaw our engine was taken off and a Garrett compound, with 16 drivers, was put on to take us to the top of the mountain on some intricate switchbacks. During the entire 10 mile climb we had a good view of the valley below, and in 55 minutes we had reached Zibingji, where our Garrett engine was taken off and coupled to a "Down" train.

The elevation is about 3,000 feet from Maymyo to Lashio, and with 18 cars and a small engine again, we didn't go very fast. We had stopped at Maymyo for lunch and at Hsipaw for our evening meal, where we had soup, fish, roast, chicken, bacon and eggs, potatoes, beans, coffee and pie. When my associates asked me what I was writing, I replied, "The menu. This is one for the books."

Maynayo is the Burmese summer-capital, and when the heat at Rangoon gets too bad the government, as many others as can afford it, move up here.

The natives can cross the Gotheik Viaduct any time, but foreigners like me have to have special permits, and as the train approached the viaduct a soldier came through checking permits. The viaduct is 2,200 feet long with piers 320 feet high that rest on a natural rock bridge, and this natural bridge spans a stream that is over 800 feet below the track.

When I complimented an officer in the Royal Engineers for what a fine fine piece of engineering this was, he agreed. In fact, he said, it was so good that the engineers who had built it had done absolutely nothing since; except, of course, to sit around and pat each other on the back for the good job they'd done.

As it got dark I left the lights out in my compartment and looked out at the eastern stars, much brighter, it seemed to me, than the western stars I remembered.

But finally at 10 p.m., Lashio; after 100 miles in 28 hours, or 22 miles per—not bad. Hundreds of people met the 18 car train. We were driven to the CNAC hostel, where I was aware of the best beds since Hong Kong.

A concrete block building with six double rooms and a dining room at one end. In the back of each room is a bathroom, where a man-size tub hangs on the wall, which a servant fills with warm water at your request. In a corner, a man-size potty chair. Due to servants, all the comforts of home—almost.

CNAC airlines, including hostels, are jointly owned by the Chinese Government and Pan-American Airways. When the load out of Hong Kong isn't full they bring butter, meat and other things that can't be bought here.

Up until a couple of years ago Lashio

was nothing much, but when the Burma Road was opened it became a regular boom-town, much like oil towns in Texas, with homes and stores being erected all around, some of good quality, but some ramshackle. And now, with the railroad extension it will be more so.

Burma broke away from India and has its own parliament in Rangoon, with a British governor. The Federated Shan States are under the governor, but not under the Burmese parliament. These Shans, Chins and Cochins are governed by a council of tribal chieftains, reporting to the governor. One of these tribes has their women dress like Laplanders, summer and winter, with beads sewed all over. Those who wear few clothes are tattooed all over, but all wear straw hats.

Monday, September 15, 1941

At breakfast Sunday I met Major R. Condon, Military Attache from Kunming, and Major James Wilson, who came to China last month also, to advise General Yu Fei-Peng on the operation of the 10,000 trucks on the Burma Road. When I said that Dr. Tseng and I were going to drive to Kunlong on the Salween River so as to see the road over which all the food and supplies for the construction of the first hundred miles in China was to be hauled, they said they'd like to go too, even if it was off their beat, so to speak.

Leaving in the morning darkness, we stopped at Hsenwi, 35 miles out, for breakfast at a roadside cafe, having only boiled eggs and coffee. I mentioned that the trucks seemed to be going mightily slow through town, and they said that with a good straight road here, the trucks used to speed through. The police tried putting them in jail, but that didn't help, and so they were authorized to stop them, get the drivers down from the cab and whip them; then let them go on their way. And as the whipped drivers were Chinese, Burmese and Hindus the word soon got around.

A few miles north of Hsenwi we left the Burma Road for a one-way gravel road through scenic rolling country for some miles, then into mountains with thick shrubs and trees. Beautiful, but good mosquito country.

At the Salween River we found four shacks, one about half full of telegraph wire and odds and ends. Over the door was a sign, "Station. Yunnan-Burma Railway." In a second shack a phonograph was playing Hindu or Burmese ragtime, which makes our jitter-bug music sound solemn. I could hardly eat my lunch.

Mr. H. P. Chang, the engineer in charge of the first hundred miles of railway construction in China, had his office across the river, at Kunlong. He had crossed over to see us, and showed us the boats and barges that took cars and trucks across the river. They had sent to India for two propellers and two propeller-shafts for each boat, then with two truck engines in each boat, had made the boats and barges right on the river-bank with Chinese carpenters.

Mr. Chang said that the road hadn't been completed very far past Kunlong, but promised Dr. Tseng it would be finished to Mengting by November 15. "Very well," said Dr. Tseng, "We'll be back on that date and see."

While other men in the "chigger areas" of Missouri had been chewed up by them, I never had. Each morning I would smear citronella on my legs. And while malaria mosquitos here aren't supposed to come out in the daytime, there is so much shade I was afraid some of them would think night had fallen, so before we started back I dropped my trousers and applied plenty of mosquito lotion to my legs. Then I got in the back seat of a car alongside Majors Wilson and Condon. They agreed that I was the most odoriferous person they had ever ridden with. I admitted that I was, but my bad smell would protect them to, if they stayed in the car with me. I told them I could stand the smell better than malaria chills and fever. These two West Pointers weren't afraid of malaria mosquitos. I was.

Back at the Hostel at Lashio at 5:30 we met Mr. Carter of the Rockefeller Institute, who had been fighting mosquitos in China for years, and after listening to him my fellow passengers didn't feel so bad about having ridden with me.

Wednesday, September 17, 1941

In 1905 the Burma Railways were

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

being extended from Mandalay toward Lashio. Herbert Hoover, a mining engineer at that time, had heard about some old silver mines at Namtu, so he left the train at Hsipaw and rode a horse to Namtu. He liked what he saw, and stayed to develop the mines, which had been worked from 1400 to 1850 AD, but due to a rebellion in Yunnan, the mining had stopped. The tribes here are neither Burmese or Chinese, but could this part of Burma once have been in China?

The tribal chief Hoover met at Namtu in 1905 was a cultured, Oxford educated young man, who, by the rules then in force was compelled to marry a wife from the family of each clan under his authority. The chief didn't say what he thought, but Mr. Hoover wrote that he thought all 20 of them were pretty ugly.

Leland Stowe of the Chicago Daily News, Schaberg and Fitch, two oil men, and I drove to Namtu one Sunday. Dr Tseng drove over there yesterday, returning today. K. Y. Yao is in good humor most of the time, but when things don't go just right he talks pretty fast. He is 44, mostly bald, and the highest compliment he can pay a man is to say, "He knows his stuff from A to B". He has been on pins and needles all morning for fear that Dr. Tseng wouldn't get back in time to go to Hsenwi to keep an appointment with the tribal chieftain there. He was happy when Dr. Tseng left on time, only to find, when he got there, that the chief and his two assistants were away at an army camp, so Dr. Tseng met with a board of regents who ruled in their place. If the chief had many wives, possibly the only peace and quiet he could get was to go to an army camp for training.

Thursday, September 18, 1941

Dr. Tseng Yang-fu said that he and Mr. Tu, the Chief Engineer, were flying to Kunming and driving to the headquarters of the Yunnan-Burma Railway at Mitu to settle some problems with department heads, where there was some difference in thinking. He suggested that I accompany them. I declined, having already decided to make all my recommendations to him, and nobody else. On this

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account it would serve no useful purpose for me to get involved in all the palaver that would certainly take place.

I drove them to the airport, and when the plane came in from Rangoon, General Yu-Fei-Peng got off. He invited me to dinner that evening, and as it was to be at the CNAC hosted where I ate anyway, I accepted with pleasure. Starting about 8 p.m., with Major Wilson, R. J. Holmes, the traffic controller on the Burma Road from Lashio to the Chinese border, Ian Morrison, K. Y. Yao and others, it was most enjoyable.

Wilson told me that Major Condon was abed with malaria. I said it wasn't possible that it would break out so soon after Kunlong! He said that Condon had been bitten on the Burma Road 12 days before, and was now down with chills and fever. He would stay in Lashio until Condon was well enough to travel, and not go to Rangoon with us as planned.



CHINESE workman spraying mosquito breeding spots on the Nam Ting River bank near Wheping, China.

By the time dinner was over it was too late to catch the 11 p.m. train out of Lashio, but K. Y. Yao said he would have a car at the hostel in the morning to take us to Mandalay, where we would overtake the train for Rangoon.

"We Did Not Find the Check" Friday, September 19, 1941

Ian Morrison, K. Y. Yao, the driver and I left at 8, driving through some beautiful country on a gravel road, and might have thought we were home, except for the hundreds of monkeys that scampered across the road all the way to Maymyo, where we had lunch at the Foster Hotel.

Leaving Mandalay on the train at 6 p.m. we stopped at Thazi for dinner at 8. We three took a table in the first class section of the railroad dining room, laid our meal-stubs alongside our plates, and were surprised when Captain Hobson of the British army came in and sat down with us, laid down his meal-stub, then we all ordered. When our waiter had served us he picked up our stubs; all except Hobson's. It was gone. The waiter wanted him to pay in cash, but he refused, saying someone had picked up his stub. But who? We had been talking and didn't see who did it. So the waiter called the manager, and we all got into the act.

The waiter and the manager were still talking and gesturing as we went for the train. They followed us out on the station platform. Just when the train started to leave, the waiter had apparently convinced the manager that we had cheated him, and so both ran alongside the train swinging their arms and shouting, "We did not find the check."

This is a racket. So many meals out of the kitchen and so many stubs. If they can bluff you into paying cash, that's gravy. It only takes two waiters, ours and one other, and a bit of inattention on our part to make it pay.

"He Won't Bother You Any More, Captain"

Saturday, September 20, 1941

We arrived at Rangoon at 8:30, we being taken to the Strand by Y. P.

Wang, who met the train. Hobson went to his own hotel. But he still had trouble. When he got into a taxi he agreed with the driver as to the price. When they got to the hotel the driver wanted more. Hobson changed his mind and asked the driver to go to a certain number and street. The driver was surprised that this was the Rangoon police station. Hobson asked the cop at the door to bring the driver in. Then he explained things to the native sergeant, who started talking to the driver, who started sassing the sergeant, and so the sergeant hit him on the cheek with his open hand. The driver kept on sassing so the sergeant took him behind a screen and clouted him, came out, and in real movie fashion dusted his hands off saying, "He won't bother you any more, Captain."

Morrison and I went to the movies in the evening. We got in early; went up into the gallery where the Americans and Europeans sit, but as the



HUTS built by Chinese laborers for shelter along the Yunnan-Burma Railway in China.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

ceiling fans hadn't yet been turned on the odor that came up from the main floor was terrific. As the natives came in the fans were gradually turned on, and by the time they were all going, the odor was held down where it belonged. But "Boom Town" got a lot of laughs. I don't know if the Burmese understood all the gags, but when the horse threw Clark Gable through the bass drum, that was funny in any language. But as they were quiet about where I was, and tickled where I was, their sense of humor probably isn't too much different than ours.

Pearson and Romulo

September 28, 1941

Last Tuesday R. R. Pearson of Standard-Vacuum asked if I would come to a luncheon he was giving in honor of Mr. Carlos P. Romulo, owner of the DMHM Newspaper Syndicate in the Philippines, and Managing Director of the Far Eastern Broadcasting Co. affiliated with CBS.

He had been in Chungking talking to the Generalissimo, and was returning to Manila via Singapore. He gave us his assessment of the war to date, and being a congenial person told us the story about a pilot, knowing he would run out of gas unless he could lose some of his cargo, who told his passengers that four of the five would have to bail out. The Englishman said, "God Save the King," and jumped. The Frenchman said, "Au Revoir," and jumped. The Irishman said, "Erin Go Braugh," and jumped. The German said, "Heil Hitler," and pushed the Italian out.

Mr. Romulo got back to Manila, became a Brigadier General, left with MacArthur and returned with him. Later he was President of the United Nations in New York.

With such men, and the radio, we managed to keep abreast of the news, even though we couldn't buy a paper. You could subscribe for six months, so we borrowed one at times from the men who live here permanently. But we're not missing much. The first two pages are all ads. The third page is sports and the races. The fourth page is editorials, and the Voice of the People. Among the cinema ads

on page five is a spot of news.

During the past week I have met with many, but as the details are technical they need not be recorded here. I decided to return to Lashio, but as the railroad was washed out I flew, getting to Lashio after three hours, rather than 30 on the train.

Lashio-Cashio-Pashio

Friday, November 14, 1941

One evening in the dining room of the CNAC hostel at Lashio we were called on by an English girl who wanted to know if we would buy tickets to a dance at the Girls' Vernacular School, to be given the following Saturday evening. The money would go toward building the girls a new clubhouse. While I didn't plan to go, I gave her two rupees for the ticket, which I put in my purse to take home as a memento. My family would never believe I would let go of 66 cents.

But by Saturday I learned that Leland Stowe of the Chicago Daily News, R. R. DeWolfe, U.S. Naval Attache en route to Chungking, and A. L. Gibson of Standard-Vacuum Oil also had tickets; so we went together.

At the school were about 60 Britishers and 15 girls, of whom four were Anglo-Saxon, and the rest Anglo-Burmese, Anglo-Chinese, Indo-French. They all worked in offices in Lashio and Namtu, and, if they could swing it, I thought they deserved a clubhouse. With a little help from the bar, some of the British thought they could sing "Sweet Adeline" but she was too much for them. They did better with "The Lambeth Walk". To each his own, even in music.

The Girls' Vernacular School was one large room, open on all four sides, on three of which the "stags" watched and talked while the dancing went on to phonograph music. On the fourth side native girls stood watching the dancers. It seemed to me that all the pathos in the world was written on their faces as they watched the 15 girls dancing in evening dresses, something they had never owned, and never expected to. This seemed to be the last word in pleasure, something to reach for, to dream about, but never to be attained, if I read their thoughts right.

Driving back to the hostel about mid-

night, I was still thinking about how pathetic some of it was, when Leland Stowe started to recite a little verse as he made it up.

"There was a young lady from Lashio

Who did something or other at night and at noon

By the light of the moon

Now she didn't do this for cashio But because she had so much pashio."

Probably she existed only in Stowe's fertile mind, but now the festivities, such as they were, at a cost of 66 cents each, were over, and it was time to get back to work. Dr. Victor H. Haas of the U.S. Public Health Service had arrived with his anti-malaria commission to the Yunnan-Burma Railway. In the following month his staff arrived, so that when Dr. Tseng and I left for Kunlong this morning we had two of them with us; Dan Wright from malaria work on the Panama canal, and Dr. Fred Manget (pronounced Monjay) who had been a medical missionary in China for 30 years, until the Japanese made him leave. But even with these two experts along, when we got to the malaria areas I doused myself with lotion.

We crossed the Salween on the fer-

ry, going to the headquarters building, which had a wooden floor and screens on the windows. Mr. Chang was in bed with malaria, not only having chills and fever, but crying sorrowfully because of the number of men who had died building the road.

Dr. Tseng asked him if the road was complete to Mengting, as promised in September. He said it was. "Very well," said Dr. Tseng, "Tomorrow we will go and see. We MUST have these roads."

Malaria Country

Saturday, November 15, 1941

After breakfast I prowled around the camp, and when I asked what the six holes were for, I was told that they were for the six men that were expected to die that day.

At the Nam Ting River the trucks were backed up on both sides, waiting to cross on a single raft which was made of lumber and bamboo, and which could carry only one vehicle at a time. On each river bank a capstan was stuck in the ground, and with iron bars in it eight coolies pushed it around, winding the cable around the capstan. When the raft reached their shore they rested, while the eight men on the other shore pulled the raft back. Ingenious, but not very effective.

Dr. Tseng said, "This is too slow. Too much delay. We must have two rafts, so that when one is going east, the other is going west."

I mentioned that the river wasn't very wide, and possibly four rafts would make a floating bridge, and on our next trip there was.

The road from Hsenwi to Kunlong in Burma had been in use for some years, but while Burma extends some distance north of the Salween, due to the malaria there, the British had left it as jungle. To get to the first hundred miles of railway construction in China the Chinese had to build this road in Burma, malaria or no malaria.

The proposed railway is, in general, about a hundred miles from the Burma Road. But so as to be able to start the railway construction as soon as the dry season came, it had been necessary to build the road during the rains.

In late May 1,000 men had been

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



WOMEN in some of the tribes in north Burma dress like Laplanders, in warm clothing, no matter how hot the weather.

put to work here. In June 50 of them died and 40% were sick. More men arrived, and by July there were 2,600 of whom 30 died that month and 60% were sick. August 300 more died and 75% were sick. In September 600 men ran away, leaving only 1,200 at the end of the month, but 150 had died in September, and 80% were sick. In October 300 more died and 60% were sick. They are still dying this month, November, and many are sick. The Chinese don't know what to do about this, except to keep plugging, but they keep records of everything.

The 600 who ran away are probably dead in the jungle. Where could they go? But not counting them about 1,000 of the 2,600 died building this 18 mile road.

At Menting we found the road complete, and as we were told it was complete to Chingshing, we drove up there to see, then back to Mengting for the night. In the evening the whole town gathered in front of our quarters for some entertainment for us. A jitterbug hopped around an eight-foot drum which he beat frantically. When he was done I asked Dr. Tseng to express my pleasure at their hospitality. Then he told them about the railroad.

Cut off from the world, these people had never seen a car. Coming up today old ladies, with wide open eyes, looked wonderingly, much like new-born colts. Women with babies strapped on their backs looked until we got fairly close, then ran like deer. Some kids laughed, some cried, some shouted. Even some of the water-buffalo ran away. But when we sounded the horn one of them turned and started toward us, possibly thinking this was a water-buffalo calling its mate? Old men wondering where in hell we came from. They knew it couldn't have been from any place on this earth.

Sunday, November 16, 1941

Leaving Menting at 8, we soon came to a big tree that had fallen across the road. While we prowled around in the jungle, the chauffeur drove back to town for some laborers. They didn't try to move the tree, but graded up a little road over the spot where the roots had been pulled out. What a sick looking bunch of men! But one girl laborer almost ran with her bas-



RAFT becomes a floating bridge across the Nam Ting River in northern Burma.

kets of dirt, filling in the hole. After a lunch at Kunlong we crossed the river and were in Lashio at 8 p.m.

And at Lashio; mostly shaking off the feeling of doom that had settled on us in our days among the sick, the dead and the dying. Dr. Tseng said, "I feel very bad about the thousand or more men who have died in the construction of this road, but if it had taken ten thousand I'd have gone ahead anyway. What is the difference if we lose a thousand workmen building the road, or lose ten thousand soldiers because we don't have the road. We must have the road to build the railroad. This is war. . . What else can I do?"

My duties called me to so many places in the coming months that I didn't get back north of Kunlong until March 1942, but Dr. Manget, Dan Wright, Fiske and others of Dr. Haas' malaria control commission were there all the time, and after a camp had been cleaned up in accordance with their specifications, they were willing to pay a U.S. dollar for any mosquito found in any camp, and they never had to pay out any money.

Monday, November 17, 1941

Dr. Tseng, Dr. Manget and I drove to the airport where we met General Magruder en route back to Chungking. The general was supposed to be eating, but Dr. Tseng talked to him about the railway, and Dr. Manget about the health situation. Carl R. Myers

of the Red Cross was present and he got the general's verbal request to transfer some millions of capsules of quinine from the American Red Cross storehouse to the railway forces to be paid back when the railway capsules arrive. I had warned the stewardess that she had better take some food into the plane for the general, which she did.

Not being sure our quinine would arrive by the time Myers' quinine was used up, I found that the Chinese Red Cross had 1½ million capsules. He said he would have to have a wire from his Chungking office to release them. I asked Dr. Tseng if we could send it on the railroad's wire, so as to get a reply faster. He said we didn't need to send a wire. This was Chinese quinine, and when we needed it, we would just go to the Chinese Red Cross warehouse and take it. Red tape wasn't going to stop him from furnishing quinine to his men, and the man in charge at Lashio could send all the protesting wires to Chungking that he wished.

Wednesday November 19, 1941

Yesterday Dr. Manget was in bed with malaria. Today he headed back for the malaria country around Kunlong and Mengting. Before leaving he wrote a report for Dr. Haas, copy to me, of conditions between Kunlong and Chingshing. He said in his 30 years in China he had only seen one place where conditions were worse than in this area we had just seen. I thought this was a pretty sad state of affairs, but Dr. Manget explains it better than I could.

"There are no hospitals. No effort has been made to segregate those suffering from malaria and other diseases. Not even a hut has been set aside for a ward anywhere along the line. Kunlong and Mengting have what might be termed First Aid Stations. The one at Kunlong consists of a doctor desk, with a packing-case for a drug room and dispensary. One pound of gauze and no bandages constitute the stock of supplies. Drugs are limited. Patients are scattered in camps, and doctors and nurses go here, there, and yonder, giving what medicine is

available. They have quinine for the sick; nothing for prophylaxis.

"Mr. H. P. Chang was having chills daily. His two assistants also had malaria. Four had died at Kunlong that day. Out of 200 at Kunlong headquarters 60 or 70 were being treated, presumably malaria. Temporary buildings were going up rapidly. Large numbers of workmen on the job. Latrine has been dug and grounds around buildings being cleaned up. Just beyond Kunlong was a camp of 50 or 60 men, 22 of whom were down with malaria, some having chills when we arrived. Probably three of the 22 had sufficient covering. The others had rags or burlap. The 'shed' was open three feet from the ground all around. Some had crawled around a fire where rice was being cooked, and were eating.

"One man lying on the ground was vomiting violently. Next to him was a man, anemic, emaciated, getting quinine (hypodermically) into the remains of his buttocks. With bamboo under them and burlap over them, with rice



PROJECT details are discussed with malaria control personnel, Fiske and Dan Wright, in the office at Kunlong. U.S., British and Chinese flags may be seen overhead.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



BRITISH-licensed opium den in Lashio.

only for a diet, half of this squad will probably die.

"At Mengting we found a similar state of affairs, but not quite so desperate. Trachoma was seen there. Sick men were scattered. Nurses were giving out quinine to malaria cases once a day. 'We can't get to sick men 3 times

a day.'

"The amazing thing to me is how men who were anemic, underfed, emaciated, may with goitre, could and would work as they did. If they could have some fat and protein to go along with their rice, they would turn out more work, and have some reserve to fight malaria when attacked, and wouldn't run away from the job.

"Mortality will be greatly reduced, and as soon as we can segregate those stricken with malaria, and care for them, we will work on the others, checking for hookworms and other ills.

"Pending the arrival of our supplies and screening we will have bamboo mats built from the ground up, closing the three foot ventilation gap, build fires in pits, smoking out mosquitos, and affording no little warmth. They can stand smoke better than mosquitos and freezing."

It isn't likely that Dr. Haas' Malaria Commission will run out of work very soon.

My request for vitamins, salt pork, beans, etc., fell on deaf ears. □



From The Statesman

BANGALORE—The next Kheddah, Mysore's famous river drive to capture wild elephants, is scheduled during the next few months. In the Kheddah operation, wild elephants are driven by an army of beaters down the Kabini river and into a stockade where they are roped, to be trained mahots and domesticated elephants. At the last kheddah in 1967, it was thought that the operation would have to be given up since the Kabini river project in the Cauvery basin was expected to submerge the usual kheddah area, but now that is not expected for at least another year.

JAIPUR—More than 1,000 students attacked the Up Delhi-Ahmedabad Mail near Beawar in Ajmer district and damaged glass panes of its dining car. They were demanding the arrest of

students wanted in connection with the death of a student who died in a Jaipur hospital following an attack by a group of students at Vivehanand Hostel of Rajasthan University. The students lay on the track for several hours and the train was later taken to Beawar station. Hundreds of passengers were left stranded. Educational institutions in Jaipur, Jodhpur, Kota, Udaipur, Bikaner and Alwar remained closed as the students observed a hartal in memory of the dead.

CALCUTTA—"What", somebody asked, "is escalation?" "Escalation", he was told, "is railwaymen going on strike because of being beaten up by passengers because the trains are not running because somebody has pinched the overhead traction wire."—Indian Notebook.

DUM DUM—Five members of a marriage party were injured when the bus in which they had been traveling collided with a lorry at Khardah 24-Parganas. The drivers of both vehicles fled after the accident. The injured were sent to the hospital. The police seized both vehicles.

Disaster of Century Hits Pakistan

**Embassy of Pakistan
Washington, D.C.**

A nation mourns today.

It mourns the death of over 158,000 citizens. They died—the men, the women and the children—during a six-hour terror that came to them from the sea and the sky.

At this writing, while thousands have been laid to rest in mass graves, many thousands still lie unburied. The green fields of paddy that were ripe for gathering stand stark, blackened by the sun. The once-thickly populated villages stand silent. The storm has wreaked total destruction.

A massive effort has been launched to contain the horrors of tragedy.

The army has been mobilized on a war basis fanning out over the areas helping in all the ways it can; naval boats have been searching the thousands of water channels of this vast delta of the Ganges. Pakistan Naval ships are ferrying material and supplies or picking up those who may still be surviving at sea.

In this hour of sorrow, Pakistan is sustained by the sympathy and aid extended to it by all the peoples of the world.

"I am deeply touched by your Excellency's kind message about the cyclonic disaster in East Pakistan" said President Yahya Khan in thanking President Nixon on behalf of the people of Pakistan and "particularly on behalf of the people of the cyclone affected areas" for the "kind of sentiments and assurances of assistance."

From reports still filtering in from the affected areas, it is clear now that this has not only been the greatest disaster in Pakistan history, but also probably one of the great disasters in world history—and undoubtedly the worst natural disaster of the century.

On the night of Thursday, November 12, a tidal wave of 30 or more feet, lashed by cyclonic winds of 120 miles an hour, struck five of East Pakistan coastal districts.

The waves swept down and cut a path of utter destruction. It left in its wake nothing except unparalleled

destruction and human suffering.

An area of 2,800 square miles, embracing five coastal districts of Pakistan, was affected. The cyclone, racing up the bay of Bengal struck first at the off shore islands in the Ganges—Bramaputra Delta. Then the districts of Patuakhali, Khulna, Barisal and Chittagong were engulfed.

At a broad estimate, almost 3 million people lived in these areas. The heavy population was due to the fertility of these delta lands. At latest count, more than 158,000 people were killed, uncounted tens of thousands injured and more than a million people left homeless.

RELIEF FUND

A Pakistan Cyclone Relief Fund, Inc., has been set up to assist the victims of the cyclone disaster.

The fund has received tax exemption from the Internal Revenue Service and all contributions are tax deductible. Co-chairmen of the Fund are Joseph Barr, President, American Security and Trust Co., Washington, D.C., Robert D. Murphy, Chairman of the Board, Corning Glass International and former U.S. diplomat, and Walter Sterling Surrey, a Washington attorney. The organization will collect money and primary relief products such as drugs and medical supplies which will be distributed through established agencies operating in the area. The Fund has been organized with the cooperation of the Embassy of Pakistan, the Department of State, and the White House. Checks should be made out to:

**Pakistan Cyclone Relief Fund, Inc.
P.O. Box
American Security & Trust Co.
Washington, D.C. 20005**

For further information, contact Stanton D. Anderson, 1156 15th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005 (659-9050).



From The Statesman

HYDERABAD—A n g r y Telengana agitators set fire to three Road Transport Corporation buses in Secunderabad. About the same time they also smashed another bus in Sanjiva Reddy Nagar. The attack on buses was part of the agitators' plan to scare away people from attending a film stars' musical night at the Lal Bahadur Stadium, organized by the Andhra Pradesh Welfare Fund. Sponsors of the function had been warned not to hold the function in the capital when the people of Telengana were engaged in a "life and death struggle" for separate statehood.

BOMBAY—Forty-eight commuters of two speeding suburban electric trains were injured when an iron bar projecting out of a railway workshop at Parel in Central Bombay, hit the passengers traveling on the footboard of their trains. The Central Railway announced ex gratia payments ranging from Rs 50 to Rs 300 to each of the injured passengers. According to reports some of the injured lost their arms or legs.

NEW DELHI—Excavation of a mound at Kaseri, near the Hindon river, a short distance north of Mohan Nagar, by a team from Delhi University has revealed a cultural sequence from the modern period to about 1,500 B.C. The Archaeological Survey of India had explored the site in 1964, but this was the first full-scale excavation. Deposits of the medieval and Shunga-Khushana period—grey ware and painted grey ware cultures and ochre-colour pottery culture—were found. Apart from characteristic pottery from various periods, the finds include animal figurines, beads and a terra-cotta plaque depicting the goddess Lakshmi.

FEROZEPORE—An attractive Pakistani girl, suspected to be engaged in espionage, was intercepted just before crossing over to Pakistan through Husainiwala border. The girl, aged 20, came from Pakistan and was to visit only Bombay, according to her pass-

port. Instead she had been moving elsewhere and visited Jammu and Kashmir. Railway police became suspicious when she left the railway at the Ferozepore Cantonment station. She contacted an Indian officer over the phone and he came to the station on a scooter and took her to the city. The police alerted the border authorities, who have her being interrogated.

IMPHAL—Three service rifles and a large amount of ammunition were surrendered by some Naga hostiles to the security commissioner. The commissioner said this was evidently a result of the surrender of 200 rebel Nagas recently, who had expressed their desire to live as peaceful citizens.

DUM DUM—A Pan American plane on a regular Bangkok to Delhi flight was asked to land at Dum Dum following a bomb scare. Police searched for five hours, but failed to find any explosive substance and the aircraft was later allowed to go on to Delhi.

SHILLONG—The Assam Government has introduced a scheme known as "shikar safari" to promote tourism in the State. Under the scheme, tourists will be permitted to shoot tiger in selected forest areas.

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Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 125 Laurens, Iowa 50554

It Happened in CBI

Readers are invited to contribute little stories about CBI incidents for publication in "It Happened in CBI," which will appear from time to time in Ex-CBI Roundup. Almost everyone knows of at least one item of interest . . . this could be a most interesting regular feature. Send your stories to Roundup.

**Submitted by E. E. Schroeder,
Major USAR (Ret.)**

I was the Special Services Officer for the 7th Heavy Bomb Group located outside of Pandaveswar. Near us was an Indian village. Many of the inhabitants, men and women, worked on the base as bearers, kitchen help, constructing roads and runways. No women as bearers or kitchen help, of course. Indian women did the laundry work for GIs and officers alike. Indian men and women worked on the runways.

I noticed that the Indian kids, boys and girls, ran wild in and around the camp entirely nude. I decided on a program of dressing those kids and put up \$50 in rupees for that project. I enlisted the support of Captain Zellner, the group chaplain. We went to the bazaars in Asansol and bought jackets and trousers for a dozen boys and dresses for a dozen girls; all American style clothes.

With the help of an interpreter and Captain Zellner, we gathered 24 of those kids and fitted them in their new regalia. They really looked cute and I concluded that the next month another \$50 would thus be invested.

However, the next day I noticed that not one Indian child was visible in their new clothes. I didn't have to ask questions for I learned the following day that the parents of those clothed kids had gone to Asansol and sold the clothes back at the same bazaars where we had bought them. That was the end of that noble experiment!

While in Calcutta for several days on official business and no business places open from 12 noon until 2 p.m., I decided to visit the Jain Temple (pronounced Ja-heen). I approached a taxi and asked the driver to furnish

a guide and interpreter at a cost of 10 rupees.

I visited the Temple and it was most interesting. Arriving back at the Grand Hotel I handed the driver 10 rupees but like a flash the guide-interpreter grabbed the 10 rupee note and the fight was on. An Indian policeman stopped the fight and questioned both driver and guide. He listened attentively. And then—walked off with the 10 rupees himself. Indian justice!

* * *

Don't tell me that Indians do not have sportsmanship! I was on a train from Calcutta to Madras on "fatigue leave". The train stopped at one of the many cities enroute. I looked out of the window in my compartment and right below me was an Indian with the usual cobra act. I had seen it many times and wasn't interested. However, the India cobra man had different ideas. In perfect English he told me that if I would give him a silver rupee piece he would NOT throw the cobra into my compartment. It was a good sporting offer and I tossed out the ransom. When the train stopped at other cities I made sure no cobra acts went on below my window before opening it.

* * *

On a business trip to Calcutta. I stayed as usual at the Grand Hotel. I needed some mucilage and went into the drug store on the ground floor and asked for mucilage. The clerk retired to the rear of the store and after about 15 minutes returned and asked, "Is this for internal or external use?" I gave up!

* * *

At another time while in Calcutta I visited a bazaar on a side street to make some purchases. The owner called me into the back room and after being assured that I would keep his name in confidence he told me that a ship carrying 500,000 bottles of Australian beer for his place of business had arrived. He said that he needed an outlet for the beer and if I would sell it to American troops he would pay me a rupee, at that time a rupee was worth 32c, for each bottle sold. I did some rapid calculating and found that I would make a cool \$160,000. I was more amazed than interested. Being curious he gave me the details of how it would work. He gave me a bottle of good VIP whisky

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

as a come on. How did it all turn out? I never went near his place again on subsequent visits to Calcutta.

* * *

One of the squadrons which were a part of the 7th Heavy Bomber Group got its name, "The Outlaws," in a rather unusual manner. I was told that a young bird colonel, fresh from the

States on an inspection tour, approached one of the squadrons and noticing that the members did not salute him asked the commander thereof if officers and men didn't salute him when he approached. To which the squadron C.O., a tough Texan and an excellent officer, remarked, "Hell, those outlaws never even look at me". The name "outlaws" stuck from then on. □

CBI Personality

"CBI Personality," which will appear in Ex-CBI Roundup from time to time, is an attempt to relate a little personal information about some of those who served in the China-Burma-India area. Some of these items will be written by readers, others clipped from various publications... perhaps YOU know of someone you would like to tell about in this column. We invite your contributions.

From an article by Jack Kneece in the Washington, D.C., Evening Star, sent in by several readers.

Jeffrey O. Wellborn attended five colleges before he graduated, but he probably learned more about the importance of life during a few seconds over China during World War II than in all of his college years.

Wellborn, 49, the newly appointed Fairfax County School Board member for the Centreville district, can laugh now about his experiences as a combat pilot.

Nearly 30 years have passed, he is a successful businessman, a retired Air Force lieutenant colonel, a man with all of the accoutrements one must have to be named to the School Board.

But there is no divorcing Wellborn, the community pillar, from the naive young man from Danger, Tex., who enlisted in the old Army Air Corps and wound up being chased by Japanese Zero aircraft and shot down.

Wellborn tells of his combat experiences reluctantly. "I would rather talk about the future—that's past," he says.

Wellborn said he joined the Army to become a pilot in the China theater because "I, like most kids back then,

was propagandized about the glamor of war.

"I guess I've changed a lot. You might say I am a moderate on the subject now."

Gen. Claire Chennault sent Wellborn and another pilot on a mission to bomb Japanese convoys on the Burma Road.

"The Japanese had heard we liked to sleep late," he said, "so they were using the Burma Road later and later each morning.

"The pilot who was with me slightly damaged one wing when we landed at a forward base. It wasn't too bad but bad enough to keep him out of the air.

"So I took off alone. There were Japanese trucks on the road. I made some strafing runs and made the mistake of losing track of the time—staying too long.

"Soon some Zeroes showed up. I was flying a P40, which was faster than a Zero, so I decided to try and reach a cloud cover not too far away.

"They hit my aircraft a few times—not many—but one shot cut an oil line."

Wellborn said he expected the pursuit to continue on the other side of the cloud cover, but it did not. He spotted "a 40-acre rice field" and landed. Then he had plenty of time to think things over during the next four weeks as he walked back to his base.

This story also was narrated by Robert L. Scott, the author of the wartime classic, "God Is My Co-Pilot," who was a flying buddy of Wellborn's.

Another story from those days: Wellborn was returning from a routine photo assignment in an aircraft in which most of the .50-caliber machine guns were replaced with cameras, leaving a token pair.

He spotted a Japanese bomber below and swooped down. Thus began an exercise in frustration as he tried to

down the lumbering aircraft with just two machine guns. He was eventually successful, but he said there was a time when he wondered if he ever would be.

Wellborn attended Centenary College in Shreveport, La.; Rollins College in Winter Park, Fla.; the University of Miami, the University of Maryland and Harvard University. He received his undergraduate degree from Maryland and his master's in public administration from Harvard.

He owns a realty-building firm, Wellborn Properties. He retired from the Air Force seven years ago. He has been active in civic work in Reston, where he lives with his wife and two children.

He was reluctant to discuss specific ideas about education for fear that

some might interpret this as instant expertise.

But broadly, with the qualification that he has yet to approach the county's education problems with shirt-sleeves rolled, he said the young people are "sending messages" to his generation.

The messages, he said, say in so many words that something is wrong with our traditional educational system.

He said there is perhaps too much emphasis on making the grades while not enough on a broad, in-depth learning experience.

"When I was in school, I had my gripes, but I put them aside because I knew I was lucky just to be in school. I knew that there were some who should have been there, some who weren't," he said. □



CHINESE and Americans pose for picture during visit of General George C. Marshall's "Committee of Three" to the Truce Team No. 5 at Kalgan, China, in 1946. Left to right: Unidentified Chinese Communist officer; Colonel Yi, Communist member Team No. 5; General Koo, Nationalist member Team No. 5; Mr. Robertson, American commission (later participated in Korean War truce negotiations); General Chen Kai-Ming, Nationalist commissioner; General Chan Chih-Chung, Nationalist member "Committee of Three"; General Marshall; General Chou En-Lai, Communist member "Committee of Three"; General Yeh Chien Ying, Communist commissioner; Brig. Gen. Henry A. Byroade (now ambassador to Philippines and formerly ambassador to Burma and Egypt); and Lt. Col. Robert S. Drake, chairman of Team No. 5.

Collector's Haven for Treasures

From Clearwater, Fla., Sun

Shopping is something that women do best, but in India there are bargains to bring out the buying instinct in men and even the youngest family members.

India is a haven for treasures and a heaven for collectors. In most major cities, there are emporiums run by the government where the diverse crafts of all seventeen Indian states are displayed and sold. Prices are fixed and reasonable. In bazaars and small shops, specialties of the area are sold. If you settle for the price asked, you have probably paid too much and disappointed the vendor who delights in bargaining.

India's treasures hold something special for everyone, and there's always a best place to find it.

For him—in the Madras area, alligator is worked into some of the world's most handsome wallets and cases for cigars and cigarettes. For the office desk, there are boxes, paper cutters and miniature animal sculptures all beautifully carved from ivory. Delhi, the capital city, is famous for its ivory carvings, but don't overlook the ivory statues made by master craftsmen in Kerala. In Bombay the "Chore Bazaar" or thieves bazaar is a must. In this one you can assemble an entire automobile, furnish your house, buy your wardrobe, jewelry, and items for children. The bazaar runs for several winding blocks in Bombay.

For her—it's quite possible that no female traveler has ever left India without at least one sari in her suitcase. And it's no wonder. The fabrics are exquisite; some are produced at the rate of one inch a day by a skilled textile worker and three assistants.

Sarees, of course, can be found throughout India, but the fabrics used in their design vary from area to area. Lush brocades are the pride of Benares. Uttar Pradesh offers "chikan" embroidery on white voile, and some single girls buy lengths of the soft fabric for bridal veils instead of sarees. In Bengal, the best choice in sarees is white with gold, and Deccan abounds with a wealth of summer sarees. Bho-

pal offers chanderi, black velvet woven with threads of silver and gold.

Jaipur is the center for embroidered slippers and one of the best places to shop for jewelry. Filigree costume jewelry is found in abundance at Bhubaneswar, and look for silver and turquoise in Kashmir, also the home of the famous Pashmina shawls.

For youngsters—India's toy center is Calcutta, where children will have a difficult time choosing from the array of unusual terracotta toys and brightly painted wooden playthings. If tie and dye fabrics are a teenager's "thing," then visit Rajasthan or Jaipur. The tie and dye fabrics are fashioned into sarees or can be bought in lengths to sew into skirts, slacks and shirts.

For the home—if any Indian product is as well known and as intricate as the sari, it must be a hand loomed rug. If a rug fits your room but not your pocketbook, there are smaller ones to use in the foyer or as an exotic wall hanging. They are found by the dozens in Kashmir, Uttar Pradesh, Andhra Pradesh and Darjeeling.

In Kerala, shop for inexpensive gifts of coir mats made from coconut fibers. If you're a collector of bronzes, then you must visit Madras. All the antique museum pieces are where they belong—in museums, but reproductions are widely available and very faithful to the originals. Delhi is the place for copper, worked into lamps, vases and a variety of home accessories.

Agra is the site of the Taj Mahal, and the Taj is the inspiration for marble objects inlaid with lapis lazuli, cornelian, and mother of pearl. A giant slab makes a table top, and smaller inlaid pieces include ashtrays and sparkling dessert plates. More plates, enamel ones with designs resembling Rajput paintings, are found in Nirmal, and three-metal plates showing scenes from the Hindu pantheon, are in Tanjore.

Indian crafts, when imported into the United States, cost half as much more than they do on their own home ground. And in India, sighting the best buys is just as much fun as seeing the sights. □

7th Bomb Group

● Was the special services officer of the 7th Heavy Bomber Group while it was stationed in Pandeweswar and Kermitola-Tezgaon, India. Would like to hear from any of the chaps stationed there with me from April 1943 to January 1945. Would especially like to hear from anyone who could supply me with the list of names of the several commanding officers there during those years and the numerical designation of the squadrons making up the 7th Group. Still hear from three men who were stationed there with me but they, too, are unable to furnish that information. They are Sgt. Reed Allen, now a consulting engineer in California; PFC R. H. Brookins, Beloit, Wis.; and Attorney Al Zisser, Buffalo, N.Y., who was a Red Cross field director. Incidentally, the devastating cyclone which recently hit the Bay of Bengal did the damage off the coast from Dacca, less than 10 miles from our base. I flew to India via Accra, Khartoum and New Delhi; returned on the naval two-stacker General Randall.

E. E. SCHROEDER,
Major USAR (Ret.),
Milton, Wis. 53563

Department Commander

● Edward J. Smith of Alliance, Ohio, a CBI veteran, was elected at Columbus in July as Ohio Department Commander of the Disabled American Veterans. A life member of the DAV, Smith served as a staff sergeant with the 330 Engineers on the Burma-Ledo Road in World War II.

(From an item in DAV Magazine, sent in by Walter Pytlowany, Hicksville, L.I., N.Y.)

Francis J. Noonan

● Francis J. Noonan, 64, of North Babylon, N.Y., a credit and finance executive with the First National City Bank in New York, died October 16, 1970, of a heart attack. A resident for



OUTDOOR restaurant at Kweilin, China, with girl busily preparing food. Photo by W. J. Peterkin.

23 years, he was first assistant chief of the North Babylon Fire Department. Noonan was an Army technical sergeant in the CBI theater in World War II, holder of the Bronze and Silver Star Medals and a Purple Heart. He is survived by his wife, two daughters and seven grandchildren.

(From a Newsday clipping sent in by Walter Pytlowany, Hicksville, L.I., N.Y.)

Iowa Lawmakers

● At least two CBI veterans will serve in the next session of the Iowa Legislature. They are Donald V. Doyle of Sioux City, reelected to the House, and Richard Norpel of Bellevue, a new member. State Senator Robert V. Rigler of New Hampton, also a CBIer, was not a candidate for reelection. He has been the Republican leader of the Senate.

RAY ALDERSON,
Dubuque, Iowa

Get a Member!

● Now's the time for every member of the CBI Veterans Association to get a member! Please write to a former buddy and invite him to join. If you feel the least bit philanthropic, pay his dues for one year.

ROBERT D. THOMAS,
Philadelphia, Pa.

1st Air Commandos

● My husband really enjoys Ex-CBI Roundup very much. We were at the Chicago Reunion (1st Air Commando) and are looking forward to the next one at Las Vegas. It surely was an honor to meet Phil Cochran.

MRS. RAY SCHEIRER,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Army Pigeoneer

● Served in the CBI with the 280th Signal Pigeon Company; have written a few articles for the American Racing Pigeon Union News.

JOHN O. FERTIG,
Shamokin, Pa.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

The Asia Society

● A program center of The Asia Society was opened in Washington, D.C., in October under the direction of Robert W. Barnett, a new vice president of the society. The center, known as the Washington Center of The Asia Society, makes available to members in the Washington area a wide range of information on Asia, including lectures, meetings, seminars and conferences. All these activities are closely related to the society's work in New York where it has headquarters. Mr. Barnett was deputy Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs from 1963 until last July. Born in China, he grew up there, attending the American School in Shanghai. He holds degrees from Oxford University where he was a Rhodes Scholar. A U.S. Army Air Force intelligence officer, he served in China from 1943 to 1945, when he was appointed to the economics and reparations committees of the Far Eastern Commission that administered the U.S. occupation

of Japan at the end of World War II. He joined the State Department in 1949. The newly opened offices of the Washington Center are located at 1785 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W. 20036.

(From a copy of The Asia Society Calendar, sent in by Robert L. Clifford, Princeton, N.J.)

CBler on Bench

● Judge Charles H. Older, 48, presiding at the Tait murder trial in Los Angeles, is reported to have been a pilot with the original Flying Tigers in the CBI theater during World War II. The AVG roster lists him as C. N. Older, Third Pursuit Squadron, Flight Leader, Command Post Rangoon, Burma.

RAY KIRKPATRICK,
San Francisco, Calif.

Troop Carrier

● Enjoy the Roundup very much—spent two years in the CBI as a troop carrier pilot, 1945-47. I am a charter member of the Dallas Basha, CBIVA.

FRANK ROTH,
Fort Worth, Tex.

Joe E. Brown

● On the front page of the November issue of your fine magazine is a picture of Joe E. Brown in a jeep. A few years ago Mrs. Cunningham and I were in Jamaica and at one of the hotels in Oches Rios we ran into Joe. I introduced myself and reminded him of the events that happened when he was with us at Ramgahr. What a nice reunion we had. He is one grand guy.

CHARLES CUNNINGHAM,
M.D.,
Colonel MC (Ret.),
Vineland, N.J.

Old China Hand

● Served in China 1942-45 with "Y" Yoke Force and Chinese Combat Command as an infantry officer.

W. D. MAYFIELD, D.V.M.
Travelers Rest, S.C.

89th Airdrome

● Was with the 89th Airdrome Squadron, also known as Cantrell's Kittens. My nickname was Chota Cohen (or Quin).

HY COHEN,
Seaford, N.Y.



GENERAL VIEW of U.S. Army rest camp at Ranikhet, India, in 1943. Photo from Leslie F. Kipp.



Commander's Message

by
Howard Clager
National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

The face was familiar, but Bill Eynon couldn't remember why.

Eynon, of Cincinnati, O.; was sitting behind a typewriter at the Sheraton-Gibson hotel registering delegates to the 11th Annual CBI Reunion.

Standing before him was Howard Clager of Dayton, Ohio.

"I just knew I'd seen him somewhere before," said Eynon. Then he had an idea.

"Were you ever at Mohanbari, Assam?" he asked.

Clager nodded "yes."

"Then I remember," said Eynon, "but it had been a long time . . . 14 years."

Fourteen years earlier on Jan. 10, 1944, a C-46 transport plane of the 304th Squadron, ATC, loaded with ammunition, crashed during a takeoff at Mohanbari. The pilot, co-pilot and radio man were killed instantly.

One other member of the crew was dragged from the flaming wreckage and saved. He was Clager, and the man who effected the rescue—Eynon.

The plane was taking off on a routine flight from Mohanbari to Kunming when one of the two engines cut out. The plane was only 200 feet off the ground when the power failed.

Clager, who was flight engineer on the plane, was standing behind the pilot during the take-off.

"It all happened so fast," Clager said, "that the next thing I knew I awoke in the hospital at Chabua, where I remained two months after the crash."

He learned later that the plane's right wing severed three trees before crashing in flames.

Eynon, who was a radio operator with ATC, was being driven in a jeep to his waiting plane when he saw the crash and resulting explosion and fire.

Rushing to the scene, Eynon entered the flaming fuselage and saw S/Sgt. Clager lying in the pilot's compartment doorway. He dragged him from the wreckage and the waiting jeep rushed him to the hospital. The other three members of the crew were killed instantly and their bodies nearly cremated in the burning debris.

Although Clager's jaw was shattered and his left leg badly cut, bruised and broken, today he has only a slight scar near his mouth as a memento of the crash.

Until the accident, Eynon had never seen Clager before and had not seen him since, until the CBI Reunion.

"It was his size that threw me off," said Eynon. Clager weighs 170. "The guy I remembered seemed to weigh about a ton!"

* * *

The item above is reprinted from the October 1958 issue of Ex-CBI Roundup. January is the anniversary month of the event which is the basis for the story . . . one I will never forget.

Neither eloquent words, sumptuous material gifts, nor expansive accolades, could ever express my gratitude to friend Bill of Queen City Basha, Cincinnati.

It is on friendships like this that the China-Burma-India Veterans Association is built. May this fine organization continue to expand and prosper in the year ahead.

HOWARD CLAGER

EVERY SUBSCRIBER
GET A SUBSCRIBER!

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup or vice versa.—Ed.



CHINESE anti-aircraft artillery unit guarding an East China base. Photo by Milt Klein.

Dr. V. W. Petersen

● Dr. Vernon W. Petersen of Clinton, Iowa, passed away quite unexpectedly this past February. Dr. Petersen, then Colonel, Medical Corps, served as Surgeon, Northern Combat Area Command, from formation of NCAC until it folded up in late '45. As such, he directed the medical support of the forward areas, including the American hospitals supporting American troops as well as the medical liaison efforts with the Chinese army in India. A graduate of the University of Iowa College of Medicine, Dr. Petersen was called to active duty before Pearl Harbor, and prior to his assignment in CBI had served as commanding officer of the 2d Medical Battalion, and as surgeon, 8th Armored Division. He returned to civilian practice in April, 1946.

WARREN W. DABOLL,
Memphis, Tenn.

Ronald E. Dalton

● Ronald E. Dalton, 48, of Villa Grove, Ill., who served with Merrill's Marauders in the Army in CBI during World War II, died November 19, 1970, at the Veterans Hospital, Danville, Ill., after a long illness. He was in 1612th Service Command

Unit, Prisoner of War Camps when he was discharged in December, 1945, after 34 months in CBI. He had been employed as a carpenter. Survivors include his wife, a daughter and three sons.

(From a newspaper clipping and other information sent by Robert L. Gordon, Urbana, Ill.)

Best in U.S.A.

● Congrats on publishing the best veterans' magazine in U.S.A.

WILLIAM C. ARTHUR,
Vero Beach, Fla.

Charles Degavage

● Charles Degavage, 58, of Plymouth, Pa., died March 25, 1970. A veteran of World War II, he served in the CBI theater with Merrill's Marauders. He had lived in Plymouth the last 35 years and was employed at the Tobyhanna Signal Depot prior to retiring due to ill health.

(From a clipping submitted by Robert D. Thomas, Philadelphia, Pa.)

CBI Units

● Was with Mars Task Force, C.C.C., and 116th M.P. Keep Roundup coming very month!

H. F. CLAUSEN,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Use of Decals

● Received a letter from Bob Thomas regarding the formation of a basha in Scranton, Pa. I certainly hope it can be accomplished. There must be more CBI vets in this area than is apparent, but I'm sure they don't know about the organization. Please send me 10 decals to put on my service truck and store windows. We get a lot of transient trade, and the decals might bring in some inquiries.

GEORGE JARICK, JR.,
White Haven, Pa.



BUDDHIST temple in Kweilin, China. Photo by Col. W. J. Peterkin.

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